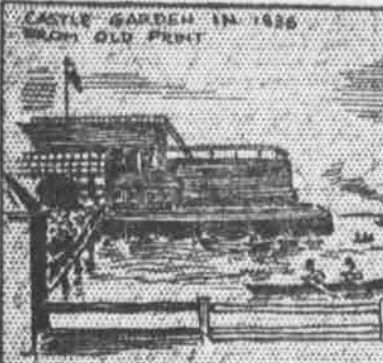


Old New York as Seen Through Young Eyes


Political and Financial Influence of Old First Ward Still Exists To-Day—The Battery Rich in Traditions

South Street Was a Forest of Ships' Masts; Castle Garden Stood Where the Aquarium Now Is; Bon-Ton Tenants Lived at No. 7 State Street.

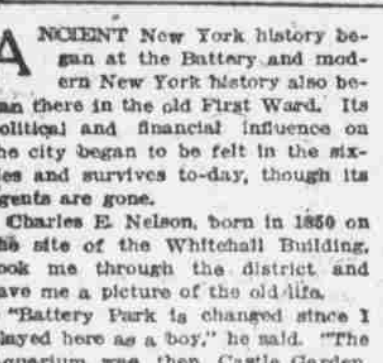
Story and Pictures by Will B. Johnstone



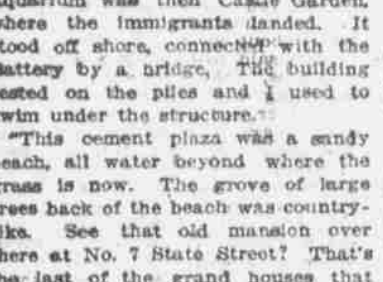
CASTLE GARDEN IN 1886
FROM OLD PRINT




SHOWING RACE BETWEEN WHITEHALL DOARTHEN




FRANCIS TAVERN - BROAD AND PEARL




LAST OF OLD BATTERY PARK MANSIONS
NO. 7 STATE ST.



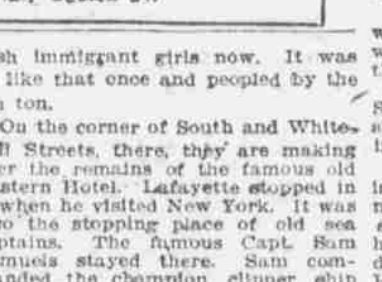
TYPE OF OLD PUMP THAT STOOD ON TRINITY PLACE




SCENE OF RIOT
NO. 3 ALBANY ST.



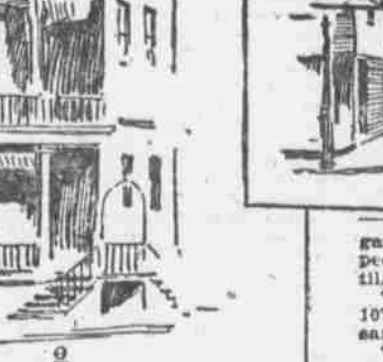
GREENWICH AND TRINITY PLACE
EDGAR ST. SHORTEST STREET IN NEW YORK CITY



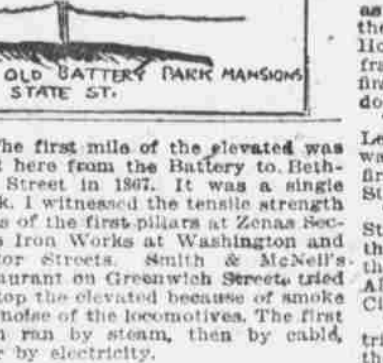
THE FIRST MILLS OF THE ELEVATED WAS BUILT HERE FROM THE BATTERY TO BETHUNE STREET IN 1867. IT WAS A SINGLE TRACK. I REMEMBER THE TENSE STRENGTH TESTS OF THE FIRST PILLARS AT ZENAS SECTOR'S IRON WORKS AT WASHINGTON AND RECTOR STREETS. SMITH & McNEILL'S RESTAURANT ON GREENWICH STREET TRIED TO STOP THE ELEVATED BECAUSE OF SMOKE AND NOISE OF THE LOCOMOTIVES. THE FIRST TRAIN RAN BY STEAM, THEN BY CABLE, LATER BY ELECTRICITY.



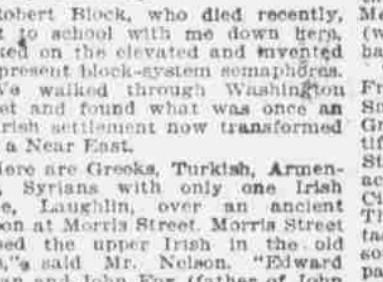
HERE AT 124 GREENWICH IS SAM LEADER'S DRY GOODS STORE JUST AS IT WAS IN MY TIME. SAM WAS ONE OF THE FIRST JEWS IN NEW YORK AND THE A. T. STEWART OF OUR DISTRICT.



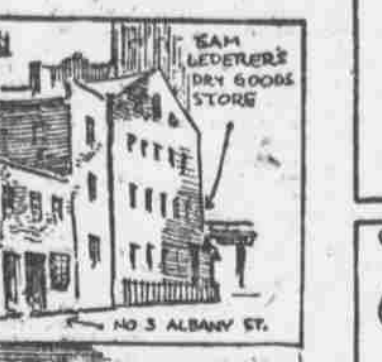
"See that old house at No. 3 Albany Street? Well, July 13, '63, I saw them throwing the piano and things out the windows during the draft riots. All the police (1,000) were massed at City Hall.




"Corliss Street was the hotel district then. There was the Howard on the corner of Broadway. The Merchants was another. Peter Gilsey (who built the Gilsey House), a Dane, had a cigar store here then.



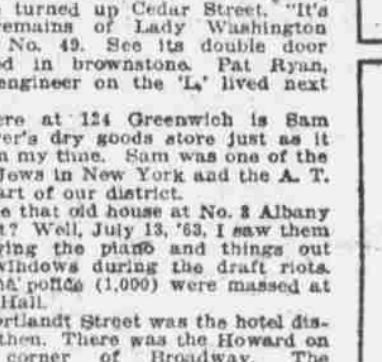
"Fritz Lindiger had a bar over in Francis's Tavern in my time. R. E. Smith made a fortune in candy in Greenwich Street. He gave the beautiful altar to St. Peter's in Barclay Street. I haven't missed a parade, active or passive, since '65. I'm a Civil War veteran of the old 54th. The Kennedys, Musketeers and a fantastic Hare and Hounds were our social clubs. We had Evacuation Day parades here up to 1883.



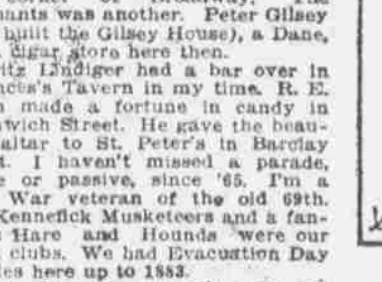
"And how I remember the hot roasted corn sold on street corners, the town pumps, Washington Market, the Fulton Street foot bridge, that Fanny Louise Buckingham road over on her horse Mazepa, and Gentie the 'Mad Hatter,' who paid \$1,500 for a seat to hear Jenny Lind sing at Castle Garden.




"Here the hand on an excursion boat at the Battery struck up 'When You and I Were Young, Maggie.' What a coincidence," said Charles Nelson, with tears in his eyes.




"Over on Trinity Place was a walled garden. Indignant at being kept out people threw tin cans over the fence till it got the name 'Tin Pot Alley.' "This old shack of a tenement (at 107 Washington Street) is just the same as it was sixty years ago.




"Here's an old relic," said Nelson, as he turned up Cedar Street. "It's the remains of Lady Washington House No. 49. See its double door framed in brownstone. Pat Ryan, first engineer on the 'L,' lived next door.




"Robert Block, who died recently, went to school with me down here, worked on the elevated and invented the present block-system semaphores.



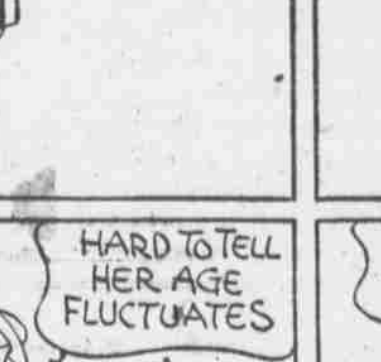
"We walked through Washington Street and found what was once an all Irish settlement now transformed into a Near East.




"Here are Greeks, Turkish, Armenians, Syrians with only one Irish name, Laughlin, over an ancient saloon at Morris Street. Morris Street housed the upper Irish in the old days," said Mr. Nelson. "Edward Hogan and John Fox (father of John Fox Jr., author), leaders of Tammany Hall in the sixties, lived here.




"Potash Block was in Washington Street. It got its name from Habbitt's original soap plant.




"I used to play the accordion for the girls and boys to dance on the covered platforms there. One night the watchman awoke from dreaming about the Franco-Prussian War and shot Chris Higgins dead while he was dancing.



"On the corner of South and Whitehall Streets, there, they are making over the remains of the famous old Eastern Hotel. Lafayette stopped in it when he visited New York. It was also the stopping place of old sea captains. The famous Capt. Sam Samuels stayed there. Sam commanded the champion clipper ship Dreadnought, the Yankee boat that broke the sailing record across the Atlantic. Did it in about thirteen days, I think.




Samuels was a hero of the day and we used to sing a ballad about him and his ship. It started:




"Come all ye sailors, I'll sing unto ye
The story of the sailor who sailed the sea."
"Those were days when Yankee bottoms ruled the sea. South Street was a forest of masts. You could step from the upstairs windows of the building onto the bowsprit. The jib-booms were pushed back to make room.




"I am the last survivor of old Ward School No. 29," Mr. Nelson went on. "It stood at 201 Greenwich Street, taken down in 1886.




"The late Gen. Tom Barry, Commander of the Department of the East, was a schoolmate of mine there. I helped coach him for his entrance into West Point.



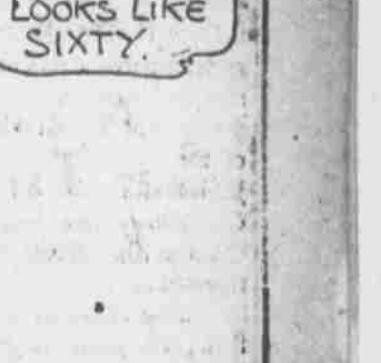
"Four other mates also won competitive appointments to the Government academies with Barry. They were Frank Springer, killed in the Orange riots; Charles Minie, a negro; Henry McCreck, John Connel, killed in the Sams, E. L. massacre, and John Keefe.



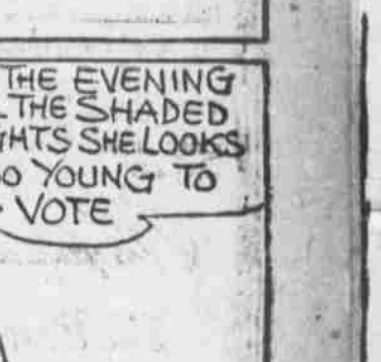
"Our school was rich in achievements. When teacher called the roll in the sixties, every day a boy was absent. 'Where is he?' asked the teacher. 'He enlisted yesterday,' was the answer. 'Two thousand went up to 23d Street and back, blowing trumpets in country fashion. It was 10 cents round trip. We also slid down hill on Rector Street from Broadway to the river.



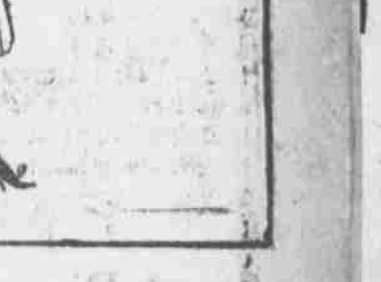
"The volunteer firemen gave us thrills, too. Washington, 20; Columbia, 14; Franklin, 18; were some of the favorites. After every fire the boys engaged in stone-throwing fights, defending the reputations of their pet fire companies. We went over to Hoboken once and had a pitched battle over it.



"The Barclay Street Ferry, the only one across then, was a low one-deck affair. Took fifteen minutes to Hoboken. That was long before the German boats docked there and created a German settlement.



"The Staten Island ferry took three-quarters of an hour in those days—against twenty minutes to-day.



"The Staten Island boat Westfield blew up at her dock here in the seventies, the boiler busted. One hundred and fifty were drowned or scalded to death.

World's Youngest Orchestra Leader



RAYMOND S. BAIRD
The youngest orchestra leader in the world, is barely five years old. For two weeks he directed a 40-piece orchestra in Los Angeles, impersonating the famous Sousa. He has also directed orchestras at Long Beach, Cal., and Pasadena and in Salt Lake City. Master Baird is living with his mother, Mrs. Margaret J. Baird, in Los Angeles, Cal. Musical critics state that his sense of cadence is marvelous and he directs any kind of time. Raymond specializes on the saxophone for his own musical entertainment. Note the string of medals on his jacket presented to him by various musical organizations.

The Evening World Outing Editor Asks

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

WE sure must apologize to all the Outing Boarders to-day, because Saturday lots of you didn't get your columns. Here's how it happened: The theatrical season opened and Mr. Darnton simply had to have our space on the back page so that theatregoers might know what shows went and what shows are gone. So we went back to the magazine page, which is between ourselves, the classiest page in the paper, and didn't get in until the last editions. But it won't happen again, and we're going to ask the fans to help us make up for lost time this week. We asked for suggestions, and questions for weeks to come, as the stock you sent in is about gone. Then, also, we announced that we would print an illustrated picture about the question of the week if the fans could get old Outing to furnish the inspiration. To-day we're showing one by a staff artist, just to convey the idea. Make 'em in ink and about the same size as a newspaper column.

Now if you've ever had some one dance on your feet while sitting in the subway, or had to stand up from Coney to Van Cortlandt Park while all the males were sitting on the choice seats, you should get a big tumble from this question. We haven't had as many answers as usual to date, so there'll be more room the rest of the week than ordinarily. Just dust the Labor Day cobwebs off Outing and ask him.

SHOULD A MAN GIVE A LADY HIS SUBWAY SEAT?

And remember, hereafter we'll be on this page. Keep right in line with the rest of the fans.

Hon and Dearie—Most certainly it's the man's place to give his seat to the woman. I should feel most ashamed of Hon if he didn't give me or any woman his seat.

Flo of the Bronx—Why ask if they should? They don't, and that's all there is to it. And we were standing long before we got the vote, so that wheeze about "Now they vote, let them stand like the men," doesn't go.

Limited, N. Y. C.—Many's the time I see an elderly woman standing in a car when a lot of supposed gentlemen are so absorbed in their papers. The only time men are polite is when they are out with their sweeties.

Ask Me—Best question ever. According to the Nineteenth Amendment, they have equal rights. Let 'em stand. Three cheers for Terrible Al.

Fol de Roi—Women are better fighters than men, anyway, so if they can't shove through the line and score, it's their own lookout. Start ten men and one woman at the same time from the platform, and the woman will get two seats while the men stand up.

Such Is Life!

Copyright 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

By Maurice Ketten



SHE IS A REMARKABLE LOOKING WOMAN!



YOU WOULDN'T TAKE HER FOR A GRANDMOTHER



PRETTY NIFTY GRANDMOTHER!



SHE MAKES UP VERY WELL



HOW OLD IS SHE?



HARD TO TELL HER AGE FLUCTUATES



HOW'S THAT?



SHE HAS THREE AGES. WHEN SHE GETS UP SHE LOOKS LIKE SIXTY.



IN THE SUNSHINE SHE LOOKS LIKE FIFTY



AND IN THE EVENING UNDER THE SHADED LIGHTS SHE LOOKS TOO YOUNG TO VOTE

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

YOU forget we were to go to the steps and watched the bride and the wedding of Mr. Jarr's sister to his head bookkeeper," said Mrs. Jarr when Mr. Jarr came home.

"We sent them a present; we don't have to go," said Mr. Jarr carelessly.

"Mrs. Stryver would never forgive me if I wasn't there," said Mrs. Jarr. "I wouldn't go either, but they have a lovely place in the Adirondacks and maybe she would ask us there for a week in September with the children."

"Do you think I'm going to a wedding on the chance of getting an invitation somewhere some day?" asked Mr. Jarr with a growl.

"You shouldn't talk in that heartless way," said Mrs. Jarr. "How would you like it if you were to die and people would be that heartless that they wouldn't come to your funeral?"

"What would I care?" exclaimed Mr. Jarr. "Dogsone it! I don't want any funeral. I hate them. I want to be cremated."

"You shouldn't talk that way; it's heartless," said Mrs. Jarr. "A nice funeral shows respect."

"Aw, don't let us fight again over the funeral question," said Mr. Jarr. "We're going to a wedding now!"

"I don't see why you want to drag me there. I don't know those people," said Mrs. Jarr, as she proceeded with her toilet.

"St. Vitus's Church is far up town. We should take a taxi," said Mr. Jarr as they started out.

"If we were going to one of your haunts I would submit to your better judgment in the matter," said Mrs. Jarr. "As we are going to a church, I think you had better leave it to me."

Mr. Jarr protested, but it was no use, and in due time they reached the street Mrs. Jarr said was near the church.

Mr. Jarr insisted that it was not near, but Mrs. Jarr declared she would turn right around and go home if he didn't stop fussing with her.

So here they alighted and walked in silence. The street corner Mr. Jarr said was the right one to get off at was, it happened, near the church, but they arrived just as the wedding was over and the guests departing.

They gathered with the guests at Martha.

What Do You Know?

- Under what names are a great mass of Balzac's writings grouped?
- Who is the leader of the Ulster Party?
- By whom was the most famous English history of the French Revolution written?
- By what name did the ancient Greeks term their country?
- What does a scarlet geranium mean in the language of flowers?
- What is the large bone of the lower leg called?
- What is the best of time to the east of eastern time called?
- What is the birthstone for August?
- Who wrote "The Confession of an English Opium Eater"?
- What element is used as a standard for atomic weights?
- Where was Bolivar, the liberator of South America, born?
- Who were the sisters of Lazarus whom Christ loved greatly?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

- Human Comedy; 2. Sir Edward Carson; 3. Carlyle; 4. Hellas; 5. Kise; 6. Tibia; 7. Intercostal; 8. Sardonyx; 9. De Quincey; 10. Hydrogen; 11. Carbons (Venezuela); 12. Mary and Martha.

Fables For The Fair.

By Margaretta Moore Marshall

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

To save their voices.
And nerves and temper.
And time and mileage,
All the Presidential candidates
Are canning themselves—
Putting themselves on records—
And the talking machine does the rest.

Here's a hint for husbands!
Perhaps their wives wouldn't "can" them so often,
If they canned themselves for their wives!

There are certain speeches
Which some husbands never make at all,
And no husband makes often enough,
Between his wedding day and the day of his wife's funeral.
How simple and charming
If he would only can them!
Suppose he put himself on record—
and on a record—
After this fashion:
"Dear, you know I love you—
Not just as much as I ever did—but more!
Indeed, you don't look a day older than the day I married you.
You took an awful long chance, honey,
But I hope you're not sorry.
I don't know what I would have done without you.
Sure, I noticed your new hat—it's a peach!
Say, do you know, some night pretty soon
You and I are going on a real spree—
Dinner where you say, any show you want, theatre supper and a taxi home.
You don't get out often enough.
I don't know whether Mrs. Brown's pretty—
I never notice the others when I'm with you.
You're a beautiful woman, dear!
I like your eyes, all fire in darkness.
The way your hair shines when the sun catches it,
The dimple in your chin, your little feet—
And you love me, girl, don't you?"
Oh, the man who canned that speech and gave it to his wife,
Could hold out half the contents of his pay envelope,
Could be late to dinner every night,
Could get away with highway robbery, arson, scolding the cook, burning the baby's bank, turning the kitchen into a brewery!
Every home would be happier
For a little canned husband—
Try it and see!